

## JERU THE DAMAJA – BITCHEZWIT DIKZ LYRICS

f/ lil dap, miz marvel

intro: jeru the damaja

yes yes

check it out right here now, knowwhatimean?

henryville, the m-th-f-ckin b-tchez wit dikz

that's in the midst,

of the real brothers whose the true wonders

knowhatimsayin? talkin all that sh-t about this and this and that

but fakin sh-t, i'mma drop it like this

{jeru the damaja

bad b-tches and techs, and sound affects

talk but skate like tara lipinski, when sh-t get hec-tic

out in brooklyn, too late you's a vick

and if spend major dough on a hoe, you a b-tch -ss trick

pimps and players, no i'm not a hater

'cause i smashed it off, she bust me down i ain't pay her

shoutin youse a regulator,

soft like c3po, but pop sh-t like darth vader

for princess leia, with flesh hard like sh-ggy

your booty, when sh-t get raw you doo like scooby

i'm sn-tching chains, mics and those platinum groupies

dutches, chins, and hips get twist

and let it be known, i eat ya'll p-ss-es like a p-rno movie

drop that b-tch with a d-ck, and get a n-gg- like this

chorus: jeru the damaja (miz marvel)

you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)

think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)

turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)

when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)

-b-tch!-

you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)

think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)

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turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)

-b-tch!-

{lil dap

you n-gg-s are like east new york waste, spit in your face

open your mouth, swallow the taste, listen to the pace

it's like showin the love, the same thing as pullin the club

spit it out, ya hoes know what this sh-t is about

b-tchez wit d-cks, and make a n-gg- mad as sh-t

cough the cough, when singing thru the streets of new york

holdin it down, but wavin my banner all around

'cause these whole motherf-ckers, wanna round are town

thinkin they down, but don't know bk grounds

-b-tch!-

chorus

{miz marvel

the next contestant left to be a secret lethal weapon

against half steppin, n-gg-s is fake,

i scope them first impression

take the mics possession, with the greatest discretion

and quick wit, fully equipped, mental lie detection

ya eyes cross like an intersection

you forget to count your blessings, all in the mix

sold your soul for it's weight in gold bricks

b-tchez wit dikz, with chips like chicks

only talk with snares and t-ts

in the time of revolution, be the first to submit

try to be god, but there mental seem unfit

speakin mathematics, but quick to kiss a crucifix

won't admit that their style is rip and counterfeited

contradict, sell their men to bang their fit, a moving target  
thrown into the bottomless pit, b-tchez wit dikz

chorus

(b-tch! scratched over and over)